

## The Tragedie of Hamlet

O god *Horatio*, what a wounded name  
 Things standing thus vnknowne, shall I leaue behind me?  
 If thou did'st euer hold me in thy hart,  
 Absent thee from felicity a while,  
 And in this harsh world drawe thy breath in paine  
 To tell my story : what warlike noise is this?

*A march a  
 farre off.*

*Enter Osrick.*

*Of.* Young *Fortenbrasse* with conquest come from Poland,  
 To th'embassadors of *England* giues this warlike volly.

*Ham.* O I die *Horatio*,  
 The potent poyson quite ore-crowes my spirit,  
 I cannot liue to heare the newes from *England*,  
 But I doe propheticke th'ellection lights  
 On *Fortinbrasse*, he has my dying voyce,  
 So tell him, with th'occurrants more and lesse  
 Which haue solicited, the rest is silence.

*Hora.* Now cracks a noble hart, good night sweete Prince,  
 And flights of Angels sing thee to thy rest.  
 Why dooes the drum come hether?

*Enter Fortenbrasse, with the Embassadors.*

*For.* Where is this sight?

*Hora.* What is it you would see?  
 Ifought of woe, or wonder, cease your search.

*For.* This quarry cries on hauock, o prou'd death  
 What feast is toward in thine eternall cell,  
 That thou so many Princes at a shot  
 So bloudily hast strook?

*Embas.* The sight is dismall  
 And our affaires from *England* come too late,  
 The eares are sencelesse that should giue vs hearing,  
 To tell him his commandment is fulfilled,  
 That *Rosencraus* and *Guyldensterne* are dead,  
 Where should we haue our thanks?

*Hora.* Not from his mouth  
 Had it th'ability of life to thanke you;  
 He neuer gaue commandment for their death;  
 But since to iump vpon this bloody question

You